

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

is an advantage in more ways than one. It is a reserve for the rainy day, and times of depression. It is capital to use when you see a good business opportunity. It is a good place for idle funds, awaiting investment. In the Savings Department of this Bank, your savings earn FOUR PER CENT compound interest. We invite your account, whether large or small.

The Farmers' National Bank,
Canfield, Ohio.

TRY CAP SHEAF FLOUR

A First Class Winter Wheat
Flour, at only \$1.50 per sack.

JOHN DELFS & SONS,
Near Erie Depot, CANFIELD, OHIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

The committee selected by the Business Men's Association of Youngstown to investigate conditions in "dry" territory will commence their work in a week. Watch for their reports in this paper.

This committee was selected by Henry M. Garlick, President, First National Bank; Hugh W. Grant, Cashier, Youngstown Savings & Banking Co.; Hon. R. Montgomery, vice-President and Manager, The Consolidated Gas & Lighting Company.

Read These Reports.

Medical Assurance
Saphead—"Doctor, if I was to lose my mind would I be aware of it myself?"
Doctor—"You would not notice the difference, nor would any of your friends."

Must Obey Papa.
He—"If you refuse me I shall go out and hang myself to the lamp-post in front of your house."
She—"Now, George, you know father said he wouldn't have you hanging around here."

As She Spoke.
"Izzy, you come by the house in."
"No, I don't."
"Yes, you did."
"Why did I?"

The Little Things.
"What's the matter over there?"
"The sword swallower is being choked by a fishbone."



We Give Atlas Stamps

A Slaughter Sale of Ladies' and Misses' Suits

On account of unfavorable weather conditions we find that our stock of Ladies' and Misses' Suits is much too large and we have determined to inaugurate a sale the like of which was never known in Youngstown. These Suits are all New Spring Styles, smart, swagger, stunning, and all within the range of the most modest purse. The prices that two weeks earlier would have been hardly possible, stand out with startling emphasis. But to appreciate the values you must stand face to face with the garments. All the newest shades in red, brown, tan, blue, reseda, green, London smoke, violet, black and novelties. These Suits for this sale are divided into two lots

All Ladies' and Junior Suits, satin lined, all sizes and colors, well worth \$15, now your choice for... **\$5.00**

All Ladies' Suits, satin lined, correct in every detail, and great bargains at \$20 and \$25, now for quick selling... **\$7.98**

HIMELREICH'S BARGAIN STORE,

262 W. Federal Street.

The White Front, across the street from Deibel's Meat Market



New Spring Millinery
At Greatly Reduced Prices.

Youngstown, Ohio

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GUNDA THE DANCER

When Gunda, the big Indian elephant at Bronx Park, New York, isn't busy munching carrots or attending to his duties at the receiving teller's window of his personally conducted bank, he generally will be found swinging his gigantic frame easily backward and forward with a rolling rhythmic movement strongly suggestive of dancing. Keeper "Baldy" Thuman, at any rate, declares it's dancing, and he ought to know, for no human being knows the big chap and his ways as well as he does.

Among the visitors recently to the antelope house where Gunda is making his happy home pending the completion of his own palatial mansion a quarter of a mile north, were a pretty young school teacher and her class of a score of little girls. Gunda was just as glad to see them as



WHEN GUNDA DANCES.

they were to see him, and the big fellow had the time of his life while the peanuts lasted. After he had passed about a dozen quarts of the toothsome goobers down into his capacious interior and had collected all the pennies in sight and added them to his store, seeing nothing further coming his way and feeling entirely satisfied with the world in general and himself in particular, he began to swing forward and backward on his toes with his wonted grace and ease.

"O-o-o-oh!" shouted all the little girls and the pretty teacher in unison, "he's doing 'The Merry Widow Waltz!'"

"You're all right, old boy," whispered Keep Thuman into Gunda's ear after the encore, "gim'me a soul kiss. Gunda responded by laying the end of his trunk lovingly against his keeper's cheek.

Retreat of a Lion.

An Englishman who passed five years hunting in Africa, gives a graphic account of a scene that he once witnessed there. He was out elephant hunting, and his party consisted of 250 natives. That was a large and imposing force, and one would think that so great an array would terrify even the wildest and most ferocious beast.

Suddenly the hunter saw a big lion coming slowly but defiantly out of the brush, its eyes blazing with fury and its tail nervously lashing its sides. Not a bit abashed was it at the army of hunters that confronted it, but it came boldly toward them as if seeking to force a combat. It is hardly necessary to say that the natives, every mother's son of them, fled from the beast like a flock of frightened sheep. In the panic that followed eight of the hunter's dogs were allowed to escape from the leash.

The dogs instantly faced the lion, but that kingly animal, seeing that its bold bearing had routed its human enemies, became uneasy about its cubs and their mother, and turned toward the brush through which they were retreating. It did not run, there was no showing of the white feather in its action; it just walked calmly and majestically away, growling fiercely at the dogs, which trotted along on each side.

As the hunter had been left alone by the stampede of the natives, he thought it wise not to bother with the lion, for fear of unpleasant consequences, so he called off his dogs and watched the lion disappear in the undergrowth covering his retreat of his family with the air of a conqueror.

A Frog.

A little girl was asked to define a frog. "A frog," said she with childish volubility, "is a great big green bug, with its mouth always open, and it's always standing up in front and sitting down behind."

A MAN IN THE MAKING

The story of Skaggle is very simple, but it goes straight to that spot in the heart that is always waiting to respond to the brave and sweet things of life. Skaggle was not his name. Some one gave him that title the third day after he took the job. It was finally curtailed to "Skag." When he first came to the office he fitted like a mouse's tail in a well; but he had an old look—the look of a burden beyond his years. He was wan and pale, and his nose was red every time he came in from the weather. His shoes and stockings were ventilated beyond endurance to anybody except a boy.

But Skag was a faithful worker—at first. Bright and early he swept the office and dusted the desks—that is, used the duster—and by eight o'clock he was over in his corner, his hair plastered back and his face washed, save for the high-water mark about his neck.

But by degrees Skag's enthusiasm over his new position languished. The clerks complained of unemptied waste-baskets and dusty desks. It was also noticed that Skag's clothes were daily growing more shabby, his hair longer, his shoes more run over, and it was evident that his mind was not on his work.

A reprimand from the "boss" had the desired effect. He became more punctual, took more interest in his work, seemed cheery, and sometimes whistled a little. But Skag's work was spasmodic. It was not long before he was as bad as ever. His work lagged, he was slow about getting round mornings, and his interest—outwardly, at least—was of the wooden Indian variety. The crowning and final test of endurance on the part of the office force came when he went to sleep in his chair.

"Skag, come here!" It was the boss. Skag shuffled into the manager's private office, and sat on the edge of a chair, nervous and fidgety. The boss did not speak for a minute—his way of impressing a culprit.

"Skag, this thing has gone far enough! You are not paying attention to your work. Look at the dust on my desk—it's frightful. This is Monday. I'll give you just one week. Saturday winds you up unless you come out of that trance. That's all."

Skag sniffed and shuffled back to his chair, where he tucked at the seam of his trousers and gazed vacantly out of the window.

The next morning the office fairly glistened, and all through the week his work improved. The stenographer even discarded her work sleeves, her desk was so clean.

But no one noticed that Skag's face was growing thinner and his eyelids more drooping.

Saturday night, after five o'clock, Skag stayed and cleaned up the office. He would be that much ahead when Monday came.

Monday morning the office was as clean as a Dutch kitchen, but there was no Skag. Noon arrived, and still no Skag, at which the boss waxed wrathful.

"Jones, go up to the kid's house and see what the trouble is. Tell him if he can't get here by two o'clock, he needn't come at all."

When Jones returned he went into the manager's private office and closed the door. Later he came out with a long sheet of paper in his hand. The boss had headed the list with twenty-five dollars.

"What brought it on?" asked the stenographer.

"Exposure, and not enough to keep body and soul together. The kid's been sitting up nights with her for a month. Funeral's Wednesday."

Skag is still working. He wears a new suit, and the high-water mark round his neck has disappeared. And they do not call him Skaggle now. They call him by his right name.

"The Queen's Quair."

At a certain dinner party, a well-known writer who was present was asked by one of the company what he thought of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's novel, "The Queen's Quair." "Don't you think that the author was a little—er—improper—in 'The Queen's Quair?'" was the question. The gentleman thus interrogated pointed out that the manners and morals of the time fully justified Mr. Hewlett's work, and the conversation was changed to other topics. When the dinner was nearly over a mild-looking gentleman sitting next to the writer whispered, "I beg your pardon, Mr. —, but what did Mr. Hewlett do in Queen's Square?"

Keep Only Old Geese.

Keep the old geese for breeding purposes. Market the young ones. Geese may as well be kept in service many years and thus differ from chickens.

What Wooltex is doing for American Women.

We have in Paris a Fashion Bureau constantly in touch with every slight style variation.

Scarce a day passes without drawings, letters and cablegrams on fashion subjects reaching the "WOOLTEX" Designing Bureau at the "WOOLTEX" Factory from the "WOOLTEX" Fashion Bureau in Paris.

All this that we may know of our own knowledge that the charming American styles created by the eight expert designers of the "WOOLTEX" organization are in accord with the very latest word from Europe.

Do you know any other maker so sure of the quality of his products that he is willing to guarantee two full seasons' satisfactory service of every garment he makes?

No garment is a "WOOLTEX" garment unless it is signed "WOOLTEX."—Insist on this label—as you would insist on the signature to a cheque.

"A Woman's Store for a
Woman's Garment."

THE FRANCE COMPANY,

B. McMANUS

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

The Wooltex Specialty Store,

Domestic Economy.

They had automobilized in twenty-five miles to see Mr. Highflyer's pet oculist, and on the return trip three times, one after another, had blown up. Whereupon Mrs. Highflyer remarked plaintively and with intense conviction: "My dear Alfred, it would have been so much cheaper to have kept you at home and bought you a glass eye!"—New York Times.

Evidence Lacking.

Master—What part of speech is the word egg?
Boy—Noun, sir.
Master—Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?
Boy (perplexed)—Can't tell, sir.
Master—Is it masculine, feminine, or neuter?
Boy (looking sharp)—Can't tell, sir, till it's hatched.

To Polish Copper.

When there is no time to polish the copper in the regular way, an emergency shine may be quickly imparted in the following manner. Mix a cup of flour, a tablespoonful of salt and a cup of vinegar to a smooth paste, and after dipping the article to be cleaned in hot water apply the mixture quickly and carefully with a soft cloth. Then wash in hot suds and polish with a dry cloth. Alcohol on a soft cloth is also a quick cleanser of copper.

Potter Wasps at Work.

The family Eumenidae, or solitary wasps, contains some curious workers. Some are miners, and dig solitary tunnels in the earth; some are carpenters and cut channels in wood and then divide the space into chambers by partitions of mud. Some build oval or globe-like mud nests on branches or eaves. This home may be partitioned into several tiny rooms into which are put various small insects captured by the mother wasp upon which the young wasps feed.—St. Nicholas.

Little Bobby—Uncle John, does hair grow on your face because you shave?
Uncle John (who is bald)—Yes, Bobby.

Cat and Mouse Pillar.

In Lichfield Cathedral the central pillar of the chapter house and the clustered shaft and vaulting ribs which spread from it are very fine specimens of early English work. One of the pillars contains the quaint design of a cat with a mouse in its mouth. It is supposed to have been executed in a humorous spirit by one of the masons, who, so far as the stone permitted, made it quite realistic.

PROHIBITION "DOWN SOUTH."

[EDITORIAL, NEW YORK COMMERCIAL.]

From Thomas R. Creede, a representative of the Playgrounds Association of East Orange, New Jersey, who recently visited some cities in Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia in the interest of the playgrounds movement, comes some interesting testimony as to the operation of prohibition in those localities—interesting because he is himself a prohibitionist and has made his observations and drawn his conclusions as an unprejudiced outsider.

At the time of his visit to Lynchburg, a city of about forty thousand inhabitants, prohibition had been on trial three weeks, and the people as a whole seemed to like the thing and to be satisfied with it; up to that time there had been no arrests for drunkenness, and the business interests did not appear to have suffered materially from the change.

At Charlotte, North Carolina, with sixty thousand population, Mr. Creede found a city with a two-years' experience of prohibition—and it was getting

along far worse than Lynchburg, many drinking clubs having sprung up, and miscellaneous drinking, or the results of it, being much in evidence.

As to Atlanta, the largest of the trio with a population around one hundred thousand and with a three months' experience of prohibition behind it, this northern investigator concludes that the morals of her people are much worse than under the license system. Atlanta "has greatly retrograded under the dry law," he says. "There is more drunkenness since prohibition went into effect three months ago than has been seen in that city any time in the past twenty-five years."

It may be taken for granted that Observer Creede was "on the hunt" for good results from prohibition and would have been gratified to have found them. Under these circumstances, his honest forbidding him to shut his eyes to evil results, his conclusions are particularly significant.

Breaking It Gently.

"Dear sir," begins a Babu business letter from Calcutta forwarded by a reader, "we conform our last respect of the tenth inst., and have none of favors to acknowledge. . . . we beg to announce that a deep misty cloud hovered over us for eight days and did not clear itself away until it washed off our hands our most steady, energetic and pious Tunwi manager."—London Globe.

Was Not to Be Improved.

There is an antique anecdote, but one so much to the point that it will bear repetition, which throws a sidelight on Mendelssohn's acute criticism. A pupil confessed himself unable to solve a problem in counterpoint—did not know where to put another note. "I am glad of that," was the response, "for neither do I."

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for much sickness and suffering, therefore, if kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are most likely to follow. Your other organs may need attention, but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first. Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. A trial will convince you of its great merit.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest because its remarkable health restoring properties have been proven in thousands of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best.

Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Elkhart, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, and don't let a dealer sell you something in place of Swamp-Root—if you do you will be disappointed.

